MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN®/ DEADPOOL® #20

CORIN · ROBSON · HANNA · BOYD

ROBSON '17

ALL RIGHT, WADE. JUST ONE QUICK COLA, AND THEN WE'VE GOT TO FIND *SLAPSTICK.*
AW, MAN! DO WE STILL CARE ABOUT THAT REAL-LIFE CARTOON CHARACTER? HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US! THAT PUTS HIM FIRMLY IN THE *"THINGS NOT TO CARE ABOUT ANYMORE"* COLUMN OF MY BRAIN. HE'S DEAD TO ME.
IT'S NOT SLAPSTICK I CARE ABOUT--IT'S THE PHOTONEGATIVES HE STOLE RIGHT FROM UNDER OUR NOSES THAT I'M AFTER!
REMIND ME ***WHY*** YOU'RE AFTER THEM AGAIN?
PETER PARKER WAS RECENTLY APPROACHED BY ***VALERIA COLON.*** DURING ONE OF MY EARLIEST BATTLES WITH THE VULTURE, VALERIA'S HUSBAND, FERARRO, WAS KILLED AND--
AND, LET ME GUESS, YOU FELT RESPONSIBLE?
OF COURSE!
WHAT A SHOCKER.
IF I HADN'T FOUGHT THE VULTURE, FERRARO MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE, AND IF GETTING THE PHOTONEGATIVES FROM PARKER'S TIME AT THE BUGLE CAN BRING VALERIA SOME MEASURE OF PEACE, I'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET THEM.
KNOW WHAT MIGHT ***ALSO*** BRING HER SOME MEASURE OF PEACE? KNOWING HER HUSBAND'S ACTUALLY ALIVE AND WELL--LEADING A NEW LIFE AS A GANGSTER NAMED *EL TENOR!*
BUT ***OUR READERS*** KNOW! THAT IS, THEY WOULD, IF THEY WERE PAYING ATTENTION! THEY'D ***ALSO*** KNOW THAT FERRARO-SLASH-*TENOR* DOUBLE-CROSSED SLAPSTICK, STOLE THE NEGATIVES FROM HIM AND KIDNAPPED HIM!
SURE! THE DOUBLE-CROSSER OF MY DOUBLE-CROSSER IS MY DOUBLE-CROSSING, NO-GOOD, RELUCTANT ENEMY-TURNED-PARTNER-TURNED-POSSIBLE-FRIEND!
WELL...YES. IT PROBABLY WOULD. BUT WE DON'T KNOW THAT YET!
WELL, WADE, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSSING...
FOR THE SAKE OF TIME, LET'S GO WITH THAT.
EMCZKIG! + JASON!!

NO LAUGHING MATTER PART TWO

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I'M GOING TO *KILL* SLAPSTICK!

HE *BETRAYED* US!

YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO KILL SLAPSTICK.

HOW ABOUT I JUST KILL HIM A LITTLE?

I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE WAY KILLING WORKS.

SURE IT IS! A LITTLE DEATH HERE, A LITTLE DEATH THERE, EVERY DAY A LITTLE DEATH...I CONSIDER MYSELF AN EXPERT IN POPULATION CONTROL.

THE ANSWER IS NO.

AND BESIDES, WE'RE NOT HERE ABOUT SLAPSTICK. WE'RE HERE ABOUT *THE NEGATIVES.*

SPIDEY, YOU REALLY EXPECT THIS CUBAN GANGSTER *EL TENOR* TO JUST HAND THEM OVER?

NO. BUT WE'RE TRYING TO BE MORE RESPONSIBLE, REMEMBER? NO MORE NEEDLESS VIOLENCE. NO MORE INSENSITIVE QUIPS.

NO MORE PENCILS... NO MORE BOOKS...

WHAT DID I *JUST* SAY?

LOOKS CLOSED.

WADE...

ARE YOU *SURE* THIS IS WHERE THEY SAID *EL TENOR* WOULD BE?

MAYBE WE SHOULD KNOCK ON THE DOOR. WITH A FEW BULLETS. *KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.*

WADE...

WADE!

OH.

I THINK THEY KNEW WE WERE COMING.

WHATEVER GAVE YOU *THAT* IDEA...?

WHERE DID YOU LEARN HOW TO SHOOT? STORMTROOPER ACADEMY?

WHOOOSH

RAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

THAT WAS A QUIP!

CHOP

SMACK

I CAN'T HELP IT! IT'S *INSTINCTIVE!*

POW

WHACK

THWIP

THEN MAYBE WE SHOULD TRUST OUR INSTINCTS INSTEAD OF TRYING TO BE SOMETHING WE'RE NOT!

NO! WE CAN BE BETTER THAN THAT!

THUD

WHAT'S THE POINT OF BEING ***BETTER*** IF WE'RE ***DEAD?***

YOU HAVE SUPER-HEALING POWERS, WADE. I DON'T THINK *YOU* CAN DIE.

OH, YEAH.

WELL, WHAT'S THE POINT OF BEING BETTER IF ***YOU'RE*** DEAD?

WHAM

BIFF

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT--IT'S HARD FIGHTING MY INSTINCTS *AND* THESE THUGS AT THE SAME TIME! *UGH!*

THIS IS WHAT I'M SAYING! WE ARE WHO WE--

ARRGH!

SHUNK

CAN'T WE GO BACK TO BEING DEADPOOL AND SPIDER-MAN?

NO.

BUT WE *CAN* GO BACK TO BEING...

...SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL!

I'M OKAY WITH THAT!

"NOW LET'S FIND OUT WHERE *EL TENOR* ***REALLY*** IS."

THANK YOU AGAIN FOR OBTAINING THESE NEGATIVES.

WE HAD A DEAL!

I AM A CRIMINAL. AND YOU ARE A FREAK. TO THINK THAT THERE WAS TRUST BETWEEN US WAS... FOOLISH.

MY POWERS AREN'T WORKING!

THE WALLS OF THIS ROOM ARE MADE OF A SPECIAL ORE MINED FROM THE JUNGLES OF CUBA THAT DAMPENS MAGIC. IT ***ALSO*** INFUSES MY RUM WITH ITS UNIQUE SWEETNESS.

AND, ON THE PLUS SIDE, THE RADIATION FROM THE ORE IMPROVES FERTILITY.

BUT I DON'T EVEN HAVE A DINGUS!

NOOOOOO!

YOU ARE A LOOSE END, SLAPSTICK. BUT DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT GOING TO MURDER YOU.

MY FRIEND ***EL TORO NEGRO*** IS GOING TO MURDER YOU.

HOLA.

GAHHHHHHHH!

AND YOU'RE SURE *EL TENOR'S* IN THERE?

I'M SURE! I'M SURE! JUST LET ME DOWN!

ONE MORE QUESTION--WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR FLAMETHROWER? BECAUSE MY FLAMETHROWER GUY HASN'T BEEN RETURNING MY PHONE CALLS AND I MIGHT BE NEEDING TO SWITCH.

GONNA NEED TO TAKE A COFFEE BREAK SOON.

TOO MUCH COFFEE'LL KILL YOU.

IF I FALL ASLEEP ON THE JOB, THE ***BOSS'LL*** KILL ME.

ARE WE EXPECTING A DELIVERY?

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE NEVER WORKED THIS SHIFT BEFORE.

ME NEITHER.

WHAT THE...?!

HERE'S ***MY*** ID--SOME TRADEMARK WEBBING, COURTESY OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!

AND HERE'S A ***KNIFE***, COURTESY OF THE HOUSEWARE DEPARTMENT AT *KMART!*

MAKING JOKES AND MAIMING CROOKS. ***WE'RE BACK.*** BABY!

OKAY, OKAY. LET'S FIND *EL TENOR* AND GET THOSE NEGATIVES.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS? ***I*** SHOOT AT THEM WHILE ***YOU*** SWING IN WITH A SHARP KICK, OR ***YOU*** SWING IN WITH A SHARP KICK WHILE ***I*** SHOOT AT THEM?

I'M GOOD EITHER WAY.

WADE, WE'RE NOT HERE TO TAKE DOWN THE ENTIRE CREW!

SURE, AND NOBODY GOES TO MCDONALD'S FOR THEIR APPLE PIE, BUT HEY, WHILE YOU'RE THERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL ***INDULGE.***

FIRST WE SHOULD--

YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS, BOYS? IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET TESTED FOR ***LEAD POISONING!***

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO BRING THE ***RUBBER*** BULLETS!

BANG

BANG

BANG

THESE ***ARE*** THE RUBBER BULLETS! BUT I GOT THEM PRETTY CHEAP, SO I'M JUST ASSUMING THEY ALSO CONTAIN TRACES OF LEAD.

I'M HUNGRY TO DO SOME HURTING!

WAIT. SOMETHING'S WRONG...

DON'T CARE! STILL HUNGRY!

THIS IS EMPTY.

HMM.

I AM HUNGRY.

HMM.

WHY DOES THIS FEEL LIKE A TRAP?

NO.

IS YOUR SPIDER-SENSE GOING OFF?

SLAM

WELL, NOW IT IS!

CRAP. WE'RE *REALLY* OFF OUR GAME.

NOT TO MENTION OFF THE ***BEATEN PATH***, OFF ON THE ***WRONG FOOT***, OFF TO A ***BAD START***, AND PERHAPS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN WE CAN CHEW.

EL TENOR, THE DISTILLERY IS NOW UNDER LOCKDOWN. SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE.

ENOUGH BUSINESS, ALEJANDRO. IT'S DINNERTIME.

¡Bésame! Soy Cubano

AS PROMISED, TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR SACRIFICE TONIGHT, I GIVE YOU MY FAMOUS--

HELP ME!

--CARNE CON PAPAS.

BUEN PROVECHO.

I KNOW YOU'RE UP THERE! I CAN SMELL YOU COOKING!

PLEASE! STOP! STOP!

OKAY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I DON'T KNOW. WHAT AM I DOING?

DID YOU GET HIT ON THE HEAD OR SOMETHING?

YEP. WITH A CHAINSAW. I THINK IT HURT. I DON'T REMEMBER.

WHY DID THEY SEND ME DOWN HERE AGAIN?

TO KILL ME.

OH, YEAH. THANKS.

CRAP.

DIE, DOOR, DIE!

LET'S LOOK FOR ANOTHER WAY OUT.

HEY, AT LEAST THE LIGHTS ARE STILL ON.

MY BAD.

BAM BAM BAM BAM

LIGHT THE WAY, OH MUZZLE FIRE!

I MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN TO RELOAD.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

OH, YEAH! I FORGOT YOUR SUIT COULD DO THAT!

YOUR SUIT DOESN'T DO THAT IN THE *MOVIES*.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

THE OTHER DOORS ARE PROBABLY SEALED TIGHT, BUT THEY ALWAYS FORGET TO SEAL THE ROOF.

THIS ISN'T MY FIRST TRAP.

AH, YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST...

ALL WE NEED TO DO IS FIND A WEAK SPOT AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE.

EH, THIS ISN'T A TRAP. THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY DEADLY ROBOTS.

KNOCK KNOCK

OH, COME ON!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK *EL TENOR* DOESN'T ***LIKE*** US!

WHAT GAVE IT AWAY, WADE? WAS IT THE AMBUSH OUTSIDE HIS RESTAURANT? WAS IT HIS HENCHMEN LURING US INTO A LOCKED WAREHOUSE? WAS IT THE ***LASER GUNS*** FIRING AT US?!

IT WAS ***DEFINITELY*** THE LASER GUNS.

ZAP-ZAP-ZAP

ZAP
ZAP
ZAP
TRY JAMMING UP THE GUNS WITH WEBBING!
MY WEBBING ISN'T *LASER-PROOF!*
ZAP
THERE ISN'T EVEN ANY ***BOOZE*** IN THESE VATS!
SPIDEY, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS ISN'T A REAL WAREHOUSE.
YOU *THINK?!*
OKAY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA. IT'S NOT A ***NEW*** IDEA, BUT IT'S ***AN*** IDEA.
HIT ME, BABY, ONE MORE TIME.
I STILL THINK THE ROOF IS OUR BEST BET, ESPECIALLY SINCE THESE LASERS AREN'T EVEN LEAVING SCORCH MARKS ON THE WALLS.
I'M GOING TO GET THE LASER RIFLES TO TARGET THE CEILING.
HOPEFULLY, MY SPIDER-SENSE WILL DO THE REST.
I LOVE IT.
WAIT...
...HOW AM *I* SUPPOSED TO GET UP THERE?
THIS IS ***NOT*** A GREAT IDEA!
ZAP
IT WORKED!
SSSSSSSSSSZZZZZT
UH, SPIDEY?

ZAP

ZAP

NO MORE BEAMS, SCOTTY! PLEASE, SCOTTY, NO MORE BEAMS!

ZAP

ZAP

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!

AT LEAST THE *WEBLINE* DIDN'T GET HIT.

YAY...

CALL MRS. COLON.

HOW LONG ARE WE SUPPOSED TO WAIT?

THE BOSS WILL CALL US WHEN THEY'RE DEAD. *THEN* WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP THE MESS. *THEN* WE GO TO HIS HOUSE AND PICK UP OUR BONUSES.

ORRR... WE COULD SKIP TO THE PART WHERE YOU TAKE US TO HIS FORTRESS.

THIS IS THE PLACE.

DEADPOOL, YOU WAIT HERE AND MAKE SURE IT'S NOT ANOTHER TRAP.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO CONFIRM A HUNCH.

I'LL BE BACK SOON.

HOW CAN I MAKE SURE IT'S NOT ANOTHER TRAP IF I'M SITTING IN HERE?

EXACTLY!

OOH, I SHOULD GRAB A SHRUBBERY WHILE I'M HERE, IN CASE I RUN INTO A FEW KNIGHTS...

HMMM...

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

HI, FELLAS.

CARE FOR SOME SHRUBBERY?

DING-DONG

AND BREATHE TWO-THREE-FOUR!

YOU'RE A PANTHER! A JAGUAR! A LION! A KING AMONG MEN! NOW...GET READY TO TOUCH...YOUR... TOES...

AY DE MI...

HI, THERE.

IS *EL TENOR* HOME?

ALEJANDRO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

SHE'S HERE.

WHO?

HE IS REFERRING TO *ME*, FERRARO. YOUR *WIFE*.

VALERIA!

AND SPIDER-MAN! DON'T FORGET ABOUT SPIDER-MAN.

YOU LOOK EXCELLENT FOR A MAN WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE *DEAD!*

HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

THAT WOULD BE *MY* DOING.

I SHOULD GO GET--

SHATTER

DEADPOOL!

LOOK, SPIDEY, I'M A BASEBALL!

WE CAUGHT HIM SNOOPING AROUND, BOSS, JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

BOSS, *EH?* SO IT'S TRUE, FERRARO? YOU ARE THE ONE WHO BUGGED MY APARTMENT? *YOU* ARE THIS *EL TENOR?*

I WARNED YOU NOT TO COME.

I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF.

YOU OWE ME AN EXPLANATION.

OWE YOU?

NO.

FERRARO COLON MAY OWE YOU. BUT FERRARO COLON WAS A WEAK MAN WHO PERISHED UNDER THE THUMB OF HIS CONTROLLING WIFE. I AM *EL TENOR!* I AM INDEBTED TO NO ONE!

AND OUR LOVE?

LOVE DIES...

...AND SO SHALL ***YOU!***

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ***ME*** FIRST!

YEAH! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ***HIM*** FIRST!

ON A RELATED NOTE, I WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW ***BACK***-FIRST. HOW IS IT I'VE GOT SHARDS OF GLASS IN MY ***EYEBALLS?***

I NEED TO GET YOU TO SAFETY!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

TAKE CARE OF HER, *MIS AMIGOS!*

DON'T MOVE!

I REFUSE TO COWER IN FRONT OF HIM! HE DOESN'T SCARE ME!

DO *BULLETS* SCARE YOU?!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET YOUR *EYES CHECKED* BECAUSE YOU'RE *SHOOTING BLIND!*

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

LOOK AT THIS! I'VE GOT A KNIFE FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE.

IT'S TIME TO GET MY BIG GUN!

¡EL TORO NEGRO! ¡ANDALE!

POW

BUT...

THAT'S WHERE YOU LANDED ALL RIGHT--ON YOUR *BUTT!* HAHA!

WORD OF ADVICE, *EL TENOR*--NEVER HIRE LACKEYS WHO'VE HAD *LOBOTOMIES.* THEY'RE SO *SUGGESTIBLE!*

I'M SO *DIGESTIBLE.*

SUGGESTIBLE.

SUSCEPTIBLE.

SURE!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, VALERIA? TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE?

THE POLICE? OH, NO. NO, NO, NO...I DON'T NEED THE POLICE. I HAVE ***LAWYERS.***

I'M GOING TO SUE YOU SO HARD YOU WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO AFFORD A ROPE TO HANG YOURSELF WITH.

SO, *UH*, ABOUT THAT WHOLE BETRAYAL THING...

...WOULD IT HELP IF I SAID I WAS SORRY?

IT COULDN'T HURT.

THIS, ON THE OTHER HAND...

BLAM

WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

OH, HE'S FINE. HE'S NOT EVEN BLEEDING. ARE YOU, SLAPSTICK?

I HATE YOU, DEADPOOL.

THEN WHY DID YOU DO IT?!

IT'S LIKE THIS:

ONCE UPON A TIME, A FARMER WAS WALKING BACK FROM A LONG DAY IN THE FIELDS WHEN HE NOTICED A VIPER UP AHEAD ON THE PATH.

IT WAS ALMOST NIGHTTIME, AND THE VIPER WAS SHIVERING FROM THE COLD.

SO THE FARMER PICKED THE VIPER UP AND PUT IT IN HIS COAT TO WARM IT UP.

AND THEN--

AND THEN THE VIPER, FEELING BETTER, BITES THE FARMER, WHO DIES REGRETTING HIS DECISION TO SAVE THE VIPER IN THE FIRST PLACE. YEAH. I'VE HEARD THE STORY BEFORE.

ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT--

HUH? THE FARMER DOESN'T DIE! ONCE HE'S BITTEN BY THE VIPER, THE FARMER DEVELOPS THE ABILITY TO SLIDE UNDERNEATH DOORS AND SNEEZE DEADLY POISON ON HIS ENEMIES! HE'S TERRORIZING THE POPULATION OF TOPEKA!

THE BOUNTY'S OVER A MILLION DOLLARS! WANT TO HELP ME CHOP HIS HEAD OFF?

NEVER CHANGE, WADE. NEVER CHANGE.

SPIDEY--I COULDN'T IF I WANTED TO.

AND THERE WILL BE NO HEAD-CHOPPING!

BUT, MOM...

NNNGH.

THE END!

What a delightful way to wrap this terrific two-parter from Joshua Corin and Will Robson! Always a treat to get to see those two guys romp around the Spider-Pool-Verse. But, hey, enough gabbing from me. Let's hear what they've got to say!

It's always a delight for me to play in the sandbox with these toys, but the challenge of having Spider-Man and Deadpool take a vow of seriousness was too delicious to pass up. Add an unhealthy dollop of New Jersey's own living harlequin Slapstick and the resulting madness was, I hope, as enjoyable to read as it was to write.

I first want to thank Devin Lewis for offering me this project. Whenever an editor takes a chance on me, I turn into an eager-to-please pup, and it's a credit to his and Allison Stock's wisdom and patience that they were able to tame the incessant yapping that my first drafts inevitably become.

I also want to thank Will Robson for transforming my verbal diarrhea into panel after panel of hilarious action. I was already familiar with Will's fabulous work on GREAT LAKES AVENGERS, and collaborating with him on these issues was as much fun as I'd hope it would be. Jordan Boyd then brought it all to four-color life, and I couldn't be happier with the end result.

Finally, I remain ever-grateful to Jordan D. White. In 2015, Jordan gave me my first job at Marvel. The result was DEADPOOL: TOO SOON?, our Merc-with-a-Mouth homage to the movie *Clue*. Sometimes when one realizes a lifelong dream, one can't help but be disappointed… but I've got to tell you: these are the best toys in the world to play with, and I couldn't be happier.

- Joshua Corin

Life's crazy, isn't it? Just over a year ago, I was at London Super Comic Con showing my samples to C.B. Cebulski, hoping to one day draw Spider-Man. Marvel had advertised everywhere that they were going to be there reviewing portfolios, and I knew this was my last ditch effort to break in to my favorite company on my home turf. I put my portfolio into a giant bin filled with other hopeful con-goers' work and was told I'd receive a phone call if they liked my stuff. Long story short, I was lucky enough to get through to the next level and start building contacts at Marvel. When I got my first email asking if I could fill in for STAR-LORD last year, I burst into tears of joy. Although I had been working real hard every day for the past four years to break into Marvel, it has been a lifelong goal to draw one character in particular -- Spider-Man. Ever since I was a kid, I've been obsessed with Todd McFarlane and JRJR runs on the character. Although I was sad to leave GREAT LAKES AVENGERS, I couldn't think of a better book to move onto than SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL. So, thank you to the editorial for continually believing in me and giving me the opportunity to draw the best super heroes on the planet. And thank you to all the supportive fans out there that have been following me since the small press days. Here's to many more adventures of the web-head and the Merc with the Mouth!

- Will Robson

Thanks for reading, Spider-Pool fans! We'll be back in one month with another two-part adventure, written by SPIDER-MAN AND THE X-MEN scribe Elliott Kalan with art by your favorite and mine Todd Nauck!

See you then!
Devin

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#21

ZONE